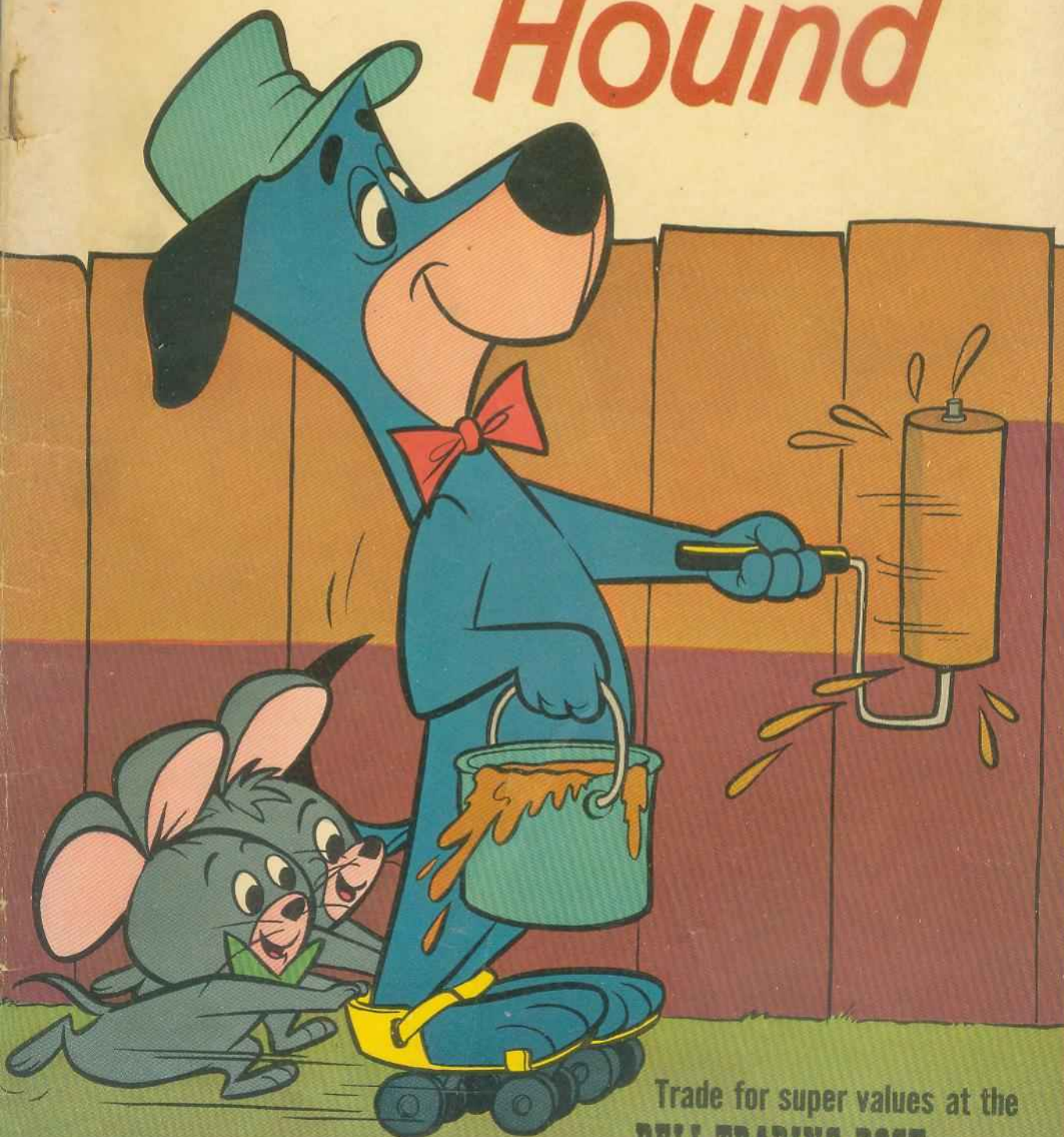


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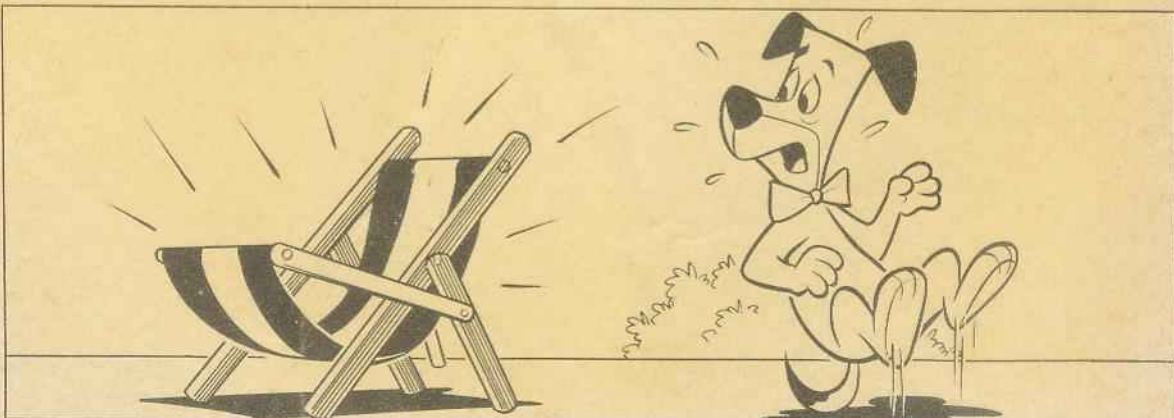
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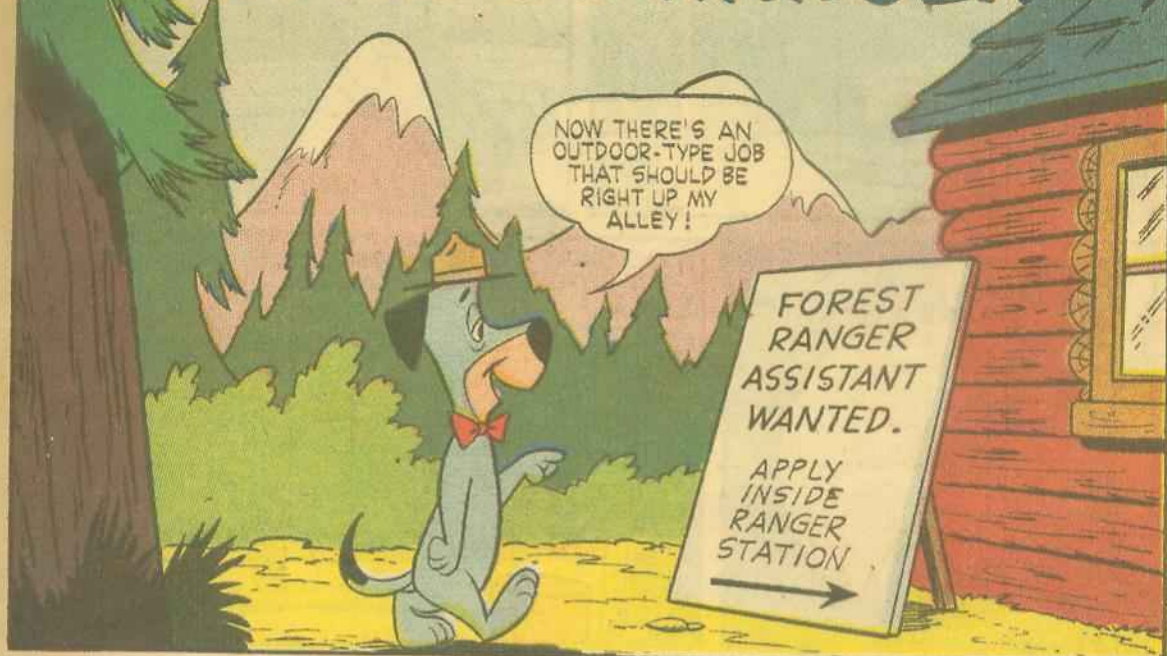
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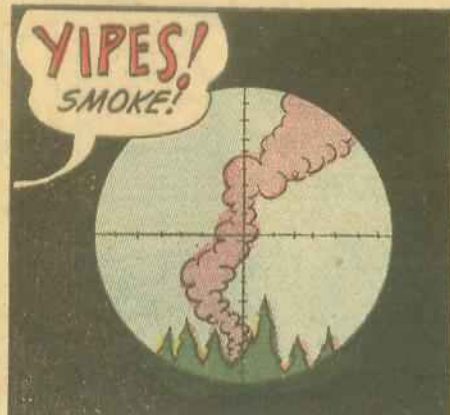
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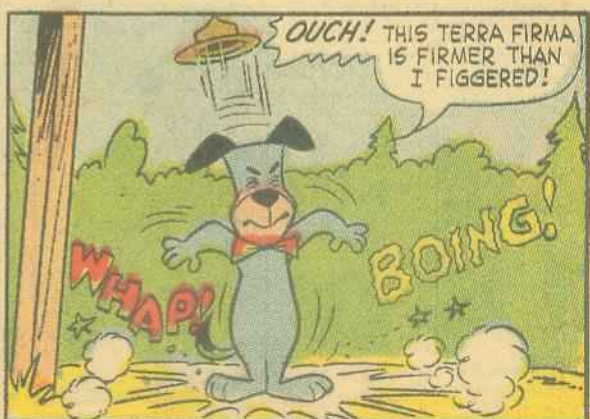
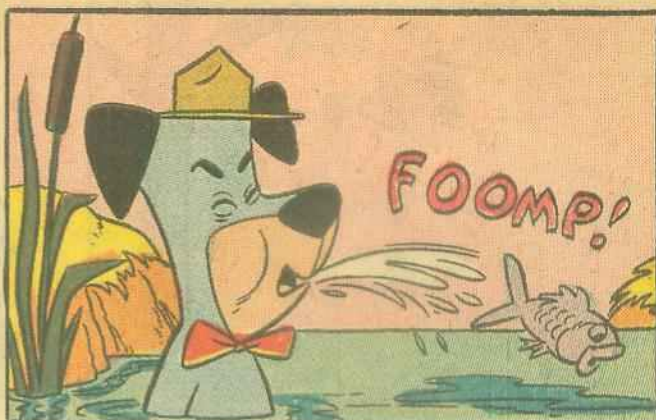
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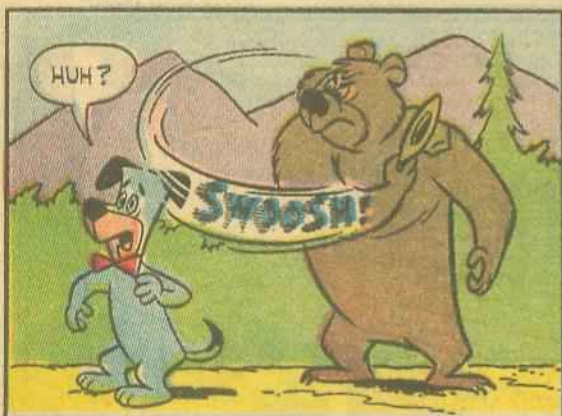
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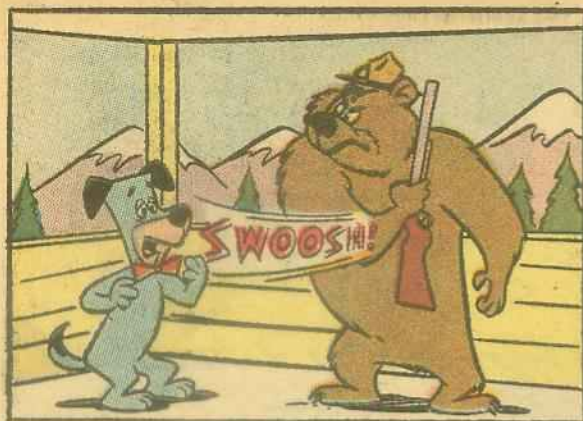














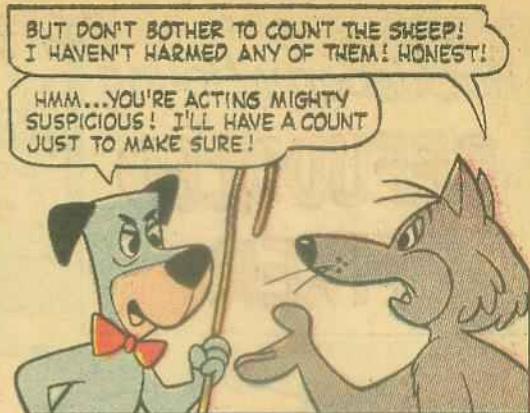




Huckleberry Hound

THE OUT-FOXED WOLF









HOKEY and DING-A-LING SOFT-TYPE JOB

(SIGH!) IT'S A SHAME! A PERSON OF MY GENIUS AND NATURAL EXECUTIVE ABILITIES DINING ON A CAN OF BEANS!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LOOK FOR A JOB!

AGH! YOU'VE RUINED MY APPETITE BY MENTIONING THAT DISGUSTING WORD!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST LOOKING FOR A JOB?

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST IT! I'M JUST WAITING FOR FATE TO GIVE ME A SIGNAL BEFORE I EMBARK ON A CAREER!

FATE TO GIVE YOU A SIGNAL?

EXACTLY! WHY WASTE MYSELF UNTIL THE TIME IS RIPE! ALL THE GREATS WAITED FOR A SIGN BEFORE THEY WENT FULL SPEED AHEAD!

YOU HOLD THE RECORD FOR WAITING!

WHAP!

CLASSIFIED ADS

YIPE! GET THIS THING OFF ME!





So, AFTER HOKEY
AND DING-A-LING
ARE FILLED IN ON
THEIR NEW JOBS...

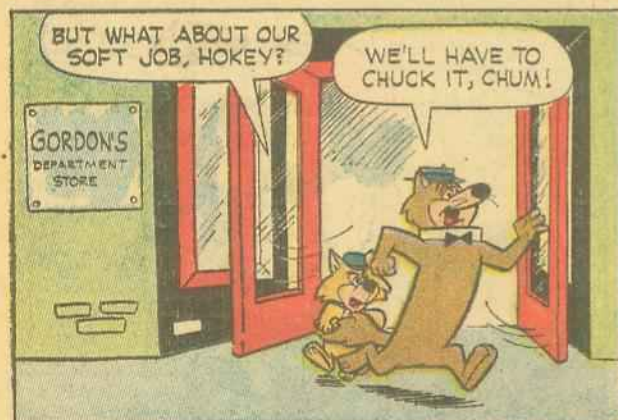


CLOSING TIME...











"Remember to be home before dark, Packy," Mama Pachaderm told her son, "and be careful of the big game hunters!"

"I won't get into trouble. I'm only going to play tag with Chimp and Pansy," Packy assured his mama as he hurried down the trail, hoping he was not late.

But Packy was so late that Chimp grew tired of waiting for him.

"Come on, Pansy! You can't tag me!" he called, swinging through the trees.

"Yes, I can!" Pansy screeched excitedly.

The two chimpanzees swung happily through the trees. Pansy finally caught Chimp, but in their excitement, both little chimps tumbled into a great net trap! The net, set out by hunters, closed over them, holding them captive high in the treetop!

"Oh, Chimp! We're trapped!" Pansy cried. "If only we had waited for Packy this would never have happened to us," she wailed.

"I know," Chimp sighed. "Let's just hope someone will find us and set us free before the hunters come back."

"Chimp and Pansy must be hiding," Packy muttered, when he arrived at the meeting place and found the trail deserted. "But I thought we were going to play tag. Maybe it was hide-and-seek. I do forget things occasionally," he admitted to himself. "I guess I'll just go a little further down the trail. If they are hiding I'll find them sooner or later."

Packy plodded along slowly, poking his trunk into all the dark hiding places and peering behind all the trees. Suddenly, a cry overhead made him look up. There in the treetop were Chimp and Pansy.

"Hooray for Packy! You found us!" Chimp cheered.

"Then we were playing hide-and-seek!" Packy exclaimed. "And all the time I thought we were going to play tag. Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "That's a good joke!"

"It looks like the joke's on us, Packy," Chimp shook his head sadly. "We were supposed to play tag, but I got tired of waiting for you. And now Pansy and I are caught in this trap!"

"Pheee! I never saw a trap like that before," Packy said, gazing curiously at the net contraption. "It doesn't look very strong. I'll bet if I gave it a good pull it would fall right apart."

"What a wonderful idea!" Pansy cried.

"Great!" Chimp agreed. "Give it a try."

Packy stretched his trunk as far as he could and caught hold of a piece of the stout net. He gave a gigantic tug, and the net started to break. A flip of his trunk high into the air split the net in two. Half of it landed across Packy's broad back, while Chimp and Pansy landed safely at his feet.

"How can we ever repay you?" the little chimps asked in the same breath.

"Well," the little elephant smiled, "will you play tag with me tomorrow? It's too late for me to play today, because I promised Mama I'd be home before dark."

"Sure thing, Packy. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow!" the chimpanzees promised.

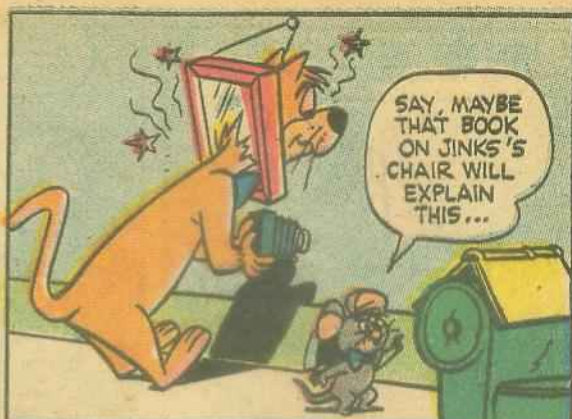
"Packy!" Mama trumpeted, when she saw Packy come home with the hunter's net hanging from his back. "I just knew you would get into trouble! Are you hurt?"

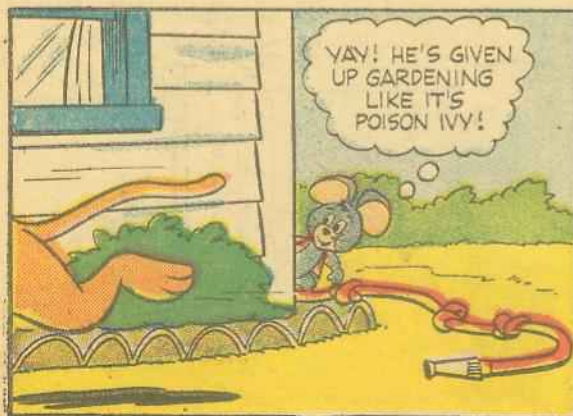
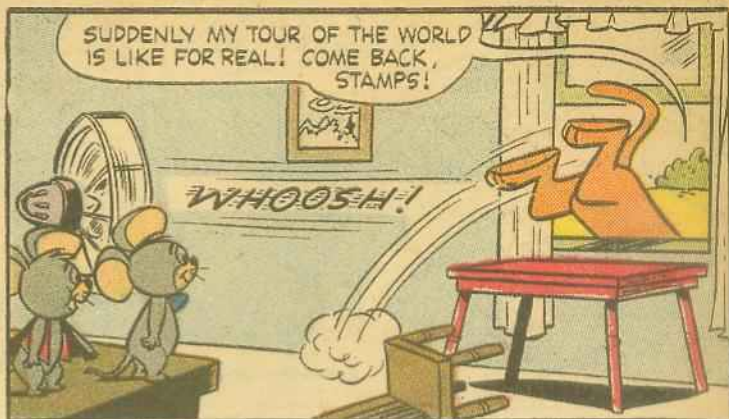
"Oh, no!" Packy laughed, looking at the net. "I didn't really have any trouble with big game hunters, Mama—only a little trouble with a game of tag."

PIXIE, DIXIE *and* MR. JINKS

HOBBY HAPPY









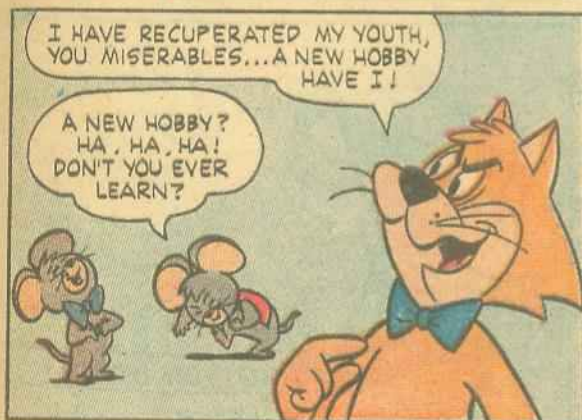
AND SO, HOBBY AFTER HOBBY HITS THE DUST...



AND FINALLY THE FRUITLESS PHYSICAL FATIGUE BEGINS TO SHOW...

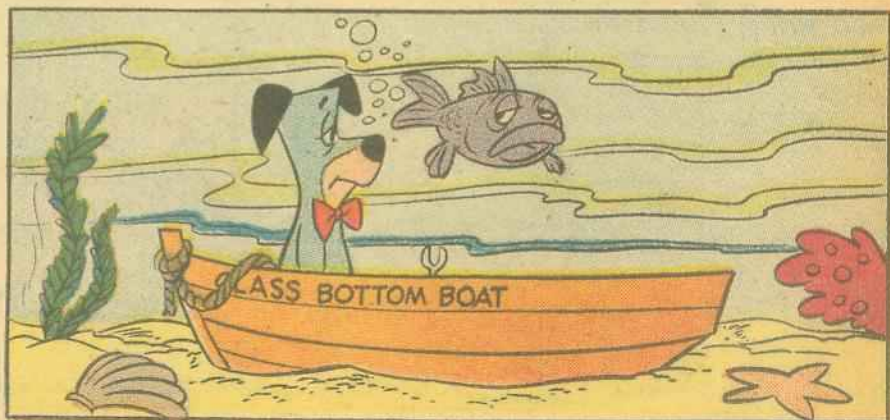
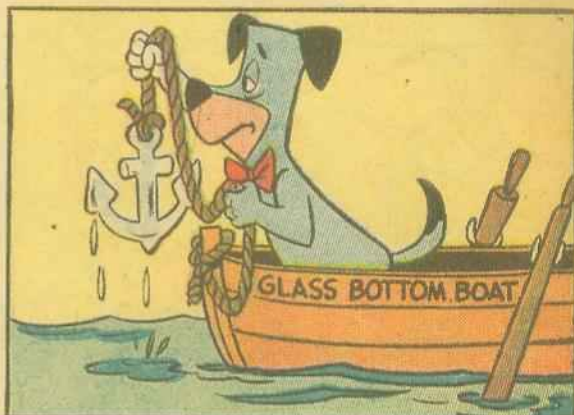






Huckleberry Hound

RUDE REMINDER



YOGI BEAR

TEETER TROUBLE

